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## THE FAIRY MARAUDERS!\*

BY J. F. GOOKINS.

O, here I declare is  
A short tale of fairies,  
Who foun't for the Fairy King's kitchen!  
One day as marauders,  
By Oberon's orders  
They went out his Great Feast to richen.

High up on a daisy,  
They found a Bee, lazy,  
And my! how they screamed as they downed him!  
"Hooray Minnesinger!  
We'll have out your stinger!"  
And "He's got our honey, confound him!"

But O! what a shame 't  
Was though you can't blame it,—  
Poor Bee was so scared—that he cried out:  
Where way up in branches  
The Humming-bird's ranche is,  
Two WONDERFUL EGGS he had spied out!

Then high was the heart of  
A d swift was the start of  
These three little bad Eltkin bummern,  
And ah! though the flustered  
Poor tiny bird blustered,  
They hoorayed for "CUSTARD!"  
And ravished the House of the Hummers.

Sad, sad is my story,  
But all hunkidory  
The Moppets went home with their plunder;  
In acorn bowls beaten  
The eggs were and eaten,  
And that is the end of this wonder.

\*See illustration on third page.

## DIFFENBACH'S PICTURES.

THERE are pictures, like some sweet faces, that suggest a beauty which it is easy to detect, but difficult to define. As the soul,—speaking through the features, and uttering a language as delicate, yet as significant as that the flower breathes forth in its perfume,—discloses the pure fragrance of the character; so the true artist, expressing through the real and tangible, the ideal and *spirituel*; breathes into his picture that soul of beauty which animates the canvas with the sweet suggestion of a something he fain would realize but cannot body forth in material shape. For there *is* as much an expression of pictures as of faces; and some paintings command the eye by as potent a spell as that felt when a great soul leans the full weight of its glance upon our face.

Those pictures are made most for man, into which the most of man has gone in the making. We love to feel the presence of the artist in his work; and—just as we are thrilled more by the magnetic presence, and soulful eye of the orator, than by any word he may utter, are we drawn closer to the picture by that secret sympathy which springs forth like an electric spark from the shock of pleasure, caused by the sudden surprise of having found the artist in it.

That only is immortal into which man has put a portion of his immortality. And this perhaps is the reason we admire most, and linger longest before a figure painting; for man is greater than nature, and a landscape can never be made to express the soul's passion or aspiration. Perhaps, too, it is this that explains why, whenever we stroll

through the Opera House Art Gallery we feel irresistibly—almost consciously—drawn toward Diffenbach's great masterpiece, "The Christmas Tree;" and pause to study again and again its familiar and favorite story-telling groups. And as what has been said furnishes a most appropriate peg, we cannot resist the desire that tempts us to hang thereon a few remarks—though they be threadbare—regarding the works by which Diffenbach is represented in our gallery.

There are two Diffenbach's—"The Christmas Tree" and "The Visit to the Old Nurse,"—in the gallery; and like light and shade, they contrast in such a way as to help display each the other's beauty. In the one, the ruddy glow which warms the wide beam-studded room—suggesting a roaring, wintry wind without,—only helps us the better to realize that breezy, sunny atmosphere which fills the other, and wafts from the blossoming trees the fragrance which seems almost to steal forth from the picture. In "The Christmas Tree," all is hilarity and loud-mouthed mirth; while in "The Visit to the Old Nurse" is embodied that profound and inexpressible feeling which makes tears of tenderness gather in the eye, even while the smiling lips seem all the while saddening into that deeper joy of perfect peace.

Contrast the humorous sweetness of the one with the joyous tenderness of the other, and study in "The Christmas Tree," that drove of domestics in the background—their uncouth figures softened into grace by the dim light, through which shine their vacant faces, lit up by that awkward expression of conscious happiness peculiar to stolidness. Then turn and study in "The Visit to the Old Nurse," the old folks—"grandma" and "grandpa,"—whose cheerful faces shine from the canvas with a tender sweetness like that which the setting sun throws across a hazy September landscape. Their joy is not boisterous, neither is their mirth loud; but though the warmth of feeling which glows in their hearts is not a noontide heat, yet it is felt like an Indian summer that gathers up the sunshine of the year in its few brimming days, and empties it through the hushed air in peaceful plenty.

Or,—for another contrast, turn again to "The Christmas Tree" and see that chuckling child, trustful in the strong arm of the stalwart nurse, who, in a perfect abandon of turbulent joy, tosses carelessly aloft her crowing charge;—and then study in the other picture the expression on the face of the infant, whose intense earnestness of purpose, pouted lips, and bright eyes, tell surely of the dewy kiss that's quick to come and dissolve upon the face of its companion, "like a nose-gay that bursts its strings with weight of roses over blown!"

But the central thought—the artist's ideal—in both pictures is best told by the groups in the foregrounds. That one in "The Christmas Tree," where the poor emaciated beggar is being bountifully provided with a Christmas feast by a happy group of givers, upon whose upturned faces—which are speaking commentaries on the beautiful text, "it is more blessed to give than to receive"—like

a benediction after prayer, falls with a radiant burst, a halo of soft light;—and then that other group in "The Visit to the Old Nurse," wherein the old nurse, seated, with her sturdy, sun-browned boy standing in her lap—is the very embodiment of proud, self-abnegating motherhood; while the richly-draped figure of the more shapely and elegant woman who stands holding out her chubby, white-armed, sweet-faced child to receive the shy kiss of its foster brother, reveals that other type of motherhood, which, though less demonstrative, is equally proud and unselfish;—these are the great thoughts of the artist, and reveal his sympathetic nature.

The man who can paint such sweet babies, and jolly, good-natured old people, must have a heart brimming with love. While his infants are as lovely as blossoms, his old folks are as savory and sweet as the ripe fruit. Their wrinkles are not the ruts of age, but are those sun ripples made when some breeze of experience ruffled the calm sea of their life. It is the expression of love and tenderness in his pictures, that is the characteristic of Diffenbach's style; and it is this which cannot fail to ultimately win for him the admiration and favor of all those who appreciate the beautiful in art expressed through the feeling and sentiments which are suggested by humor and goodness.

[Since the above was in type, "The Visit to the Old Nurse" has been returned to New York, where, we are informed, it has found a purchaser.]

## AMERICAN ART NEWS.

## CHICAGO.

The past winter has been the most active in matters of art interest, thus far, in the history of our city,—old in all that appertains to commercial growth and material prosperity, and young alike in years, and literary and æsthetic attainments.

Receptions, private views, and exhibitions of various sorts have followed each other in rapid succession. We can look back with pleasure upon the work accomplished within a twelve months past, noting alike better things from the easels of our professionals and a correspondingly increased appreciation by the public. Good taste has developed as good pictures have multiplied. The gratifying retrospect, combined with many outcroppings of progress that include larger aims for still greater achievements, incline us to hope much for the coming year, and more for those that will follow.

THE Chicago Etching Club is a recently organized association, composed of artists whose prime object is improvement in original designing. H. Beard is president, and L. C. East secretary. It is, in part, a rejuvenation of the Sketching Club of last season, but upon a broader and more comprehensive basis, including many of the members of the body mentioned, with the addition of others. Specimens thus far produced are more than satisfactory, in a large number of instances, and if unity of purpose and effort can be maintained, the club will be able to present to the art public a portfolio that will compare favorably with the work of other similar bodies. For the specific, no less than for the general good which may result from its continued efforts, we heartily wish it abundant success.

Mr. Leo W. Volk, our well known sculptor, has but just finished the four *basso-reliefs* for the granite pedestal of the Cook County Soldiers' Monument, and has sent them to Philadelphia, where they are to be cast in standard bronze. They represent, respectively, the four branches of the service,—infantry, cavalry, artillery and marine. The statue of the soldier which is to stand upon the pedestal is nearly completed, in marble, and the entire monument will be ready for removal to its permanent location, at the Rosehill Cemetery, by the first of May.

The next work of importance which will engage the attention of Mr. Volk will be a bust of the late Henry Keep, for which he will make the cast from a portrait by Elliott. Mr. Volk will also make casts for statues of the widow and daughter of Mr. Keep; these, with the

bust to be worked in marble, at his studio in Rome. The three will occupy places in the mausoleum of the monument which is to be erected to the memory of Mr. Keop, at Watertown, N. Y. The architectural design of the monument is by our excellent architect, Mr. O. L. Wheelock, and is in most excellent taste. The whole will cost about \$75,000.

Mr. Volk will leave Chicago as early in the summer as possible, for his Roman studio, where his commissions will require him to remain for two years or more. His absence will prove a loss to the art and social circles of Chicago that can only find partial compensation in anticipation of the delightful exhibit he will make on his return.

Otto Sommer has upon his easel a coast scene from a study made in Holland. The water has very natural action, and the atmosphere is good. His last large work, from Lalla Rookh, illustrating the lines,

"One morn a Peri at the gate  
Of Eden stood, disconsolate."

has justly received much commendation, and has added not a little to the reputation of one who deservedly ranks among the best of American landscape artists. A battle scene from his versatile brush, recently finished, represents, with marked fidelity, the Thirty-seventh Illinois regiment at the engagement of Pea Ridge. It was painted for a gentleman in this city.

James H. Beard, who has won a national reputation for his excellent animal pieces, is not confined to these. He has, during his comparatively short stay in the city, given us some fine specimens of portraiture, and the latest thing upon his easel is a bright little bit of sunshiny woodland interior.

L. C. Earle has just completed a small animal piece, which he has appropriately named "On Guard." It represents a finely painted dog in the foreground, every line showing the intense earnestness with which he is watching the open earnestment, through which a predatory cat is entering in search of the dead game that is lying upon the table. As with all the work of this artist, the accessories are in excellent taste, and worked out in the most careful manner. The specimen mentioned shows that his exquisite treatment of still life subjects is successfully rivaled by the manner in which he handles the living originals.

C. F. Schwartz has a portrait on exhibition in the gallery which is a very natural likeness, and plainly shows the ability of the artist to reproduce on canvas the subject at hand.

Theodore Pine, at his delightful, north-side studio, finds no idle moments. Among his more recently finished portraits are those of a daughter of Rev. Dr. Hatfield, and a sweet little daughter of J. V. Farwell, Esq. A large work of his, of the most attractive character, which has never been publicly exhibited, is a most admirable group of boys and girls, the children of Wm. H. Rand, Esq. of the *Tribune*. Another finely composed portrait, comprising the children of J. W. Doane, Esq., one of our prominent merchants, is at present engaging the attention of Mr. Pine.

Arthur Pickering is busily engaged in painting the portraits of a large number of juveniles. Many of his likenesses are very like the originals, and very pleasing as well.

John Phillips has painted many notably fine likenesses, but we have never seen anything more striking than the bewitching little girls, daughters of Mr. Louis Wahl, which are remarkable counterfeits of the originals. This work is hanging in the gallery, where it commands universal admiration. He is at present painting a portrait of Mrs. M. L. Rayne, the charming editress of the elegant Chicago *Fashion Magazine*, and an authoress as well-known as she is versatile.

R. W. Wallis, at 166 Randolph street, has two large pictures, one of them complete, and the other nearly so. The finished picture represents the eruption of Vesuvius in June, 1853, from a sketch made at the time. The subject, a most difficult one, is handled with freedom, in some portions with force and strength. The high-reaching columns of liquid fire, overtopped with dense volumes of smoke, are very striking, while the stream that is following its demon-like way down the scathing mountain-side is remarkably well rendered. In the immediate foreground the huge masses of rock that lie torn and rent and cast about as though they were the most fragile substances, show the power there is in Nature when her forces assert themselves. At the left the moon, half hidden by the kindly clouds, shines dimly with a sickening light. The whole, when properly displayed, leaves a vivid impression on the mind of the beholder. The work that Mr. Wallis has at present in hand is entitled "Carthage receiving the news of Hannibal's victory at Cannæ." The architectural work is finely done, the perspective that follows the river's banks eastward is good, and the spirit that pervades it is animated and pleasing. The work as a whole has many fine points, and is creditable to the artist. We are informed that Mr. Wallis proposes, within a short time, to give studio exhibitions of both the pictures mentioned.

H. C. Ford has but recently completed two excellent landscape views of the charming Riverside scenery. He has also in his studio one of his little gems,—one of the many for which the varied beauty of Ohio woodlands have furnished subjects. On his easel at the present time is a large forest interior, of which the composition is excellent; the full force of the subject has yet to be brought out by the colors which Mr. Ford handles with such naturalness and effect. In the gallery a large work of his attracts attention. It is one of the many excellent things from his brush, the efforts of which are uniformly good.

Mr. Bigelow has painted but few pictures recently, but these have borne evidences of careful study and truthfulness of intent to be found in too small a portion of the landscapes exhibited. His studies are always well chosen.

Wm. Cogswell, portrait painter, has been east for some time, engaged upon commissions. He is constantly employed.

G. S. Collis has recently finished some really delightful little things from his Colorado studies. In color, handling and general effect his latest are by far his best efforts.

F. S. Church is at present occupying a studio with Earle. We hope to present specimens of his humorous designing to our readers in future numbers.

Mr. Drury is busily at work. His studio always presents a most attractive appearance, giving evidence to the versatility of his brush.

Lauritz Holst is exhibiting a fine large work of the famed "Golden Gate" of San Francisco, which shows most rapid improvement upon past efforts. The action of the water is particularly noticeable, showing very careful and conscientious study. Were this picture the only result of Mr. Holst's visit to the Pacific slope, it is well worth all the labor and expense involved.

Mr. Verner, our excellent water-color artist, finds constant employment, devoting a portion of his time to works in oils.

Mr. Matteson is working out a variety of landscapes from his studies, and we are pleased to chronicle his constant improvement.

Harry Hillard has been exhibiting, both in studio and gallery, some bold attempts at coast scenery, which contain many points of real excellence. He has a fine idea of color, and a vigorous handling.

T. B. Harrison is working out a large picture from Iowa studies, representing a rude log cabin, with pleasant forest surroundings.

H. A. Elkins does not tire of Rocky Mountain scenery; neither do his many friends and patrons. Among his largest and most pretentious works is one recently completed, which represents a storm among the mountain-tops. At the left a heavy mass of rocks is effectively introduced; in the center is a dark, mysterious gorge, while all around are the majestic summits that rise above the clouds, which in the middle distance are darkly lowering, while through the nearer edges the sunshine has pierced, and falls upon a clump of forest trees below. Mr. Elkins is laying in another large picture, from a study, which promises well.

P. Fiske Reed has upon his easel a landscape in which composition, color and handling are excellent, and the effect is thoroughly pleasing.

Joe Reed is occupying his fancy with a large floral piece, in which much of beauty has found a place.

Albert Jenks, portrait painter, is occupying a studio with the Reeds. At present he has upon his easel a bust portrait of a little child, which is full of life and expression. He has recently finished an excellent portrait of Amos T. Hall, Esq., treasurer of the C. B. & Q. R. R., and another of Mrs. Hall. Everything about both these works is treated with artistic taste.

Walter Shirlaw, Instructor in the Academy of Design, has been recently working out some charming little things in oil, from winter sketches on the shore of our ever-beautiful Lake Michigan. His latest shows an ice-bound vessel, while through a dark bank of low-lying clouds the sun is just coming into sight. So happily have the natural effects of clouds, and ice, and freezing atmosphere been rendered, as to make one shiver involuntarily.

James F. Gookins, whose genius has made him a peer among the best of American artists, alternates landscapes with his beautiful creations of Fairy Land, and is, just at this writing, "Above the Clouds," in a work of that name, which is beginning to display beautiful effects in perspective and color. His "Pike's Peak," finished but a short time since, is among the few really fine pictures of western mountain scenery ever painted.

## NEW YORK.

MR. KRUSEMAN VAN ELTEN is among the number of prominent artists of the Tenth Street Building. He is a most indefatigable worker, full of an enthusiastic love for nature, and possessing the greatest perseverance and painstaking in working up the details of his pictures.

While his landscapes always have a locality, and the characteristics are faithfully portrayed, they are not mere servile copies of nature, but are vivified by the genius and poetic feeling of the artist. He has such an insight into the soul of dear mother Nature that his pictures are something more than external delineations; he makes you feel and see with him the beauty, the grandeur, the peace and tranquility, and sometimes, too, the tumult and restlessness, of nature.

Longfellow's birth-day poem to Agassiz might with fitness be applied to Kruseman Van Elten, for he has the same tender, increasing love for nature which characterizes the great naturalist.

Mr. Van Elten is at present working on a large landscape, which he intends for the spring exhibition of the New York Academy. The view is taken near Arnheim, in Holland. There is a shallow stream in the middle of the picture, with hills sloping from it on either side. The soil is composed of coarse sand and gravel, in some places left bare and in other places cov-

ered with patches of rosy hued heather; further up the aide of the hill the ground is covered with a hardy verdure. On one of these slopes there are several sturdy gnarled oaks, which form a prominent feature of the picture. There are other trees of a lesser growth, and these, with under-brush, border the stream, and dip their green boughs into the cool water.

Upon the other bank of the stream a shepherd watches his flock, some of which are grazing quietly and contentedly around him, while others of a more adventurous nature are wandering off to the heathery hill beyond. In the foliage the yellow greens predominate, blended with sansel. A storm is gathering, deep and portentous, and adds that cool breeziness to the atmosphere which one so often finds in Van Elten's pictures; besides, the sombre clouds harmonize perfectly in color with the grave little heather blooms which cover the ground.

Mr. Van Elten is at work upon another landscape, which is very pleasing. The scene is taken from Greenwich, Connecticut. It is a sunset view, and from looking at it one seems to get a glimpse into the land of the Lotus Eaters,

"In which it seems always afternoon."

The whole picture is suffused with a warm, reddish, golden light. Trees are grouped upon the high ground, the mellow light falling through the interstices of their branches. Beneath, stretches the Long Island Sound, dotted here and there by a white sail, or a gray line of smoke from some passing steamboat. Light, fleecy clouds tinged with gold, gray and violet, float over an almost eastern-looking sky.

Mr. Van Elten's pictures appeal strongly to one, because they seem to be in such hearty sympathy with nature, the very fountain head of all true inspiration.

ANOTHER prominent man at the Tenth Street Building is Mr. Thomas LeClear. This artist stands high among our portrait painters, and by many he is considered to hold the first place. He has at present in his studio the portraits of several American celebrities. Among the more prominent are Edwin Booth, Palmer, the sculptor, and Dr. Marion Simms, the famous *savant* and cultivated gentleman, who has been decorated by several of the crowned heads of Europe. These three men could scarcely be more different in character and looks; in fact, they seem to be representatives of three distinct types of manhood.

These portraits show, not only the deftness of the artist in all that appertains to their manipulation, but also great delicacy and refinement of feeling. Not the least of the merits of Mr. LeClear's portraits is his reproduction of the individualism of the man in its most refined and subtle expression. Nothing more clearly indicates the keen insight of the painter, and stamps him as a man of genius.

## BROOKLYN.

J. B. Whittaker, in the Brooklyn Institute, is at present engaged on a cartoon, as a preliminary to an oil painting of a revolutionary scene from the life of General Greene, representing the General receiving money from a Mrs. Steele, whose deeds and names are chronicled not widely but well. The grouping of the figures, and the management of detail, are in Whittaker's usual happy style, and though the picture is insufficiently advanced to speak of it at length, it promises fair, and those who know Whittaker, know the promise will be well fulfilled. The fact of the General is studied from authentic likenesses, and is historically and physiognomically correct, as pronounced by authorities.

Ferdinand T. L. Boyle, formerly vice-president of the St. Louis Academy of Design, has lately taken up his abode here. He is painting a winning portrait, life size, of the little daughter of James H. H. He is also preparing for a grand painting of Judith and Holofernes. Judith is represented when praying, before making the bold stroke for the enfranchisement of her people. She stands in an attitude of invocation, her eyes and right arm raised toward heaven, while the left hand grasps her sword. Holofernes, drunk and helpless, lies supine upon his couch, as if utterly deprived of the power of motion. The picture will be more fully described when the small studies enlarge to the presentable picture, which is to be life size.

Rufus Wright, in the Gymnasium building of Avon C. Burnham, is painting portraits and delicious fruit pieces.

Annable, in the same building, is engaged on portraits and small compositions. The last is called "The Young Jockey,"—a lively boy romping with his mother, over whose shoulders he has harnessed his "lines," and the two seem having just the best time in the world.

Wilmarth, in the room between these two, is engaged on a large portrait group, occasionally diverting his attention in spare moments, to some excellent bits of composition.

Hepburn, on Schermerhorn street, is busy at his cattle pieces. He is without a rival in that peculiar branch, in this vicinity, and has facilities for the most faithful study and reproduction of nature on his canvas.

Matthew Wilson, in the Academy of Design building, is painting Brooklyn's "Upper Ten."

W. H. Baker, on the floor above Wilson, is painting portraits and figure pieces. His last and loveliest is called "The approach of Spring; or, March winds and April showers, bring forth May flowers." The three months of Spring are represented by blustering March in the foreground; weeping, uncertain April, smiling through tears, following him; and lastly, bright May, in garments of white, bearing flowers and the bridal wreath, in allusion to its well-known matrimonial character,—the only pretty ring-time," according to Shakespeare. He has also on his easel a fine half length

portrait of Bishop Quintard, of Tennessee, in his sacerdotal robes. The pose is excellent, and the arrangement thoroughly artistic.

Berger, Markham, Miss Julia Elder, Alice Wilder, Nettie Ingham, Kate Spomer, Miss Kellogg, and the rest of the lady artists here, are all busy at various subjects, either portraits or color studies.

Most of the artists having recently sent their best to the yearly exhibition at Utica, have but little to show as yet.

Alonso Chappel has left his studio in the "Institute," and for some time past has rusticated on Long Island, occasionally visiting town, but never encountering newspaper folk, or at least the one who is watching things here for THE REVIEW.

F. A. Chapman has also left the immediate vicinity of Brooklyn, and paints at home, in East New York, a "Sabbath-day's journey," from Art headquarters here.

The Harts, William and James, though residing here, are painting in New York.

Richie is painting at home, and devoting himself to the Academy, as are Whittaker, Wilmarth and Wright, in the last respect.

#### ST. LOUIS.

Some of the artists whose names are familiar to St. Louis people, are not now in the city. Julio and Hinchey are both in the South, and are reported hard at work and meeting with success.

Bingham, whose pictures are known by all, resides at Independence, in this State. His last considerable picture, "Civil War," which was on exhibition not long since in this city, did not advance his reputation as an artist, while the subject was unworthy of his pencil. He has the ability to do better if he chooses.

Conant, by common consent, stands at the head of St. Louis portrait painters, and his pictures are found on every hand. He works faithfully and patiently, and we judge from the look of his studio, he does not lack patrons. He is now busily occupied with several portraits that will add to his reputation in every way; although several of them are painted under the disadvantage of having only a photograph as a basis of study. When will people learn that the artist should be the limner of the living, not of the dead!

Eichbaum, a younger man, and Conant's near neighbor, is producing some portraits that are very satisfactory. He has in hand a promising sketch of Father Ryan, the most popular Catholic priest in the city.

In the same building and on the same floor we find the rooms of Pattison, who is working out his Colorado sketches, very much to the satisfaction of his patrons. He is now putting the finishing touches upon a view of Pike's Peak, bathed in the rosy hues of the morning sun, that has many points of great excellence. It will secure him a reputation much higher than he has ever enjoyed even among his most cherished friends. He claims to have other treasures in his sketch-book and imagination, waiting time and opportunity.

Mr. Meeker seems more busily employed than any other of the corps. His visits to the Rocky Mountains, and to the headwaters of the Mississippi, have given as a succession of fine pictures, and orders have flowed in upon him very freely. One of his last pictures, a scene nearer home, "On the Gasconade," is much admired, and it is worthy of all the praise it receives. There is a certain impression of conscientious study and labor in his pictures, that cannot fail to win the public regard. And it is all the more successful that there is no morbid realism mingled with it.

James R. Stuart is one of the newer names among the St. Louis painters. He is from the South, has had some opportunities for study in Europe, and will not fail to make his way in this city. His portraits are much admired, and some of his "fancy pieces" have such sprightliness of fancy and sentiment, combined with a purity of coloring, as renders them very attractive. He has an excellent "Stonewall" Jackson, at Mr. Harding's, and a fine head of Humboldt at Pettis & Leathe's. We also saw on his easel a bit of Rocky Mountain scenery, that gives promise of becoming a fine picture.

Powers is worthily employed. Among other portraits on which he is engaged, those of Rev. R. M. Beach and his wife, a successful M. D., are well spoken of.

The people of St. Louis are slow to acknowledge the merits of water color pictures. But perhaps this is not strange, for these are always the product of an advanced cultivation in art. We have an artist here, J. Schultze, who excels in this class of work, but who meets with little appreciation. His work, however, we think, is attracting more attention than heretofore, and we shall be greatly pleased to note more interest in this department of art.

JARVES' "ART THOUGHTS," is a valuable addition to the better products of American brains. The writer has passed a number of years in European study and research, and walks in and out among the old masters, and the preserved specimens of their handiwork, dealing with them as familiarly and as intelligently as with those of our own day and generation. Possessed of an analytical mind, he is ready to give a reason for the opinions expressed. He has seen much and thought more. His observations, impressions, and convictions, are given with terseness, frequently with quaint force. This latest work, which we sincerely hope may not be his last, as its preface would indicate, is a compendium of general, practical art-knowledge that is of intrinsic value to the student in this department; and, while one may not always agree with the author, his book is eminently provocative of thought. We shall be pleased to give our readers the benefit of such extracts in future numbers, as space may allow. Published by Hurd & Houghton, New York; for sale in Chicago by the Western News Company.

#### OUR STUDIO.

A BEAUTIFUL thing for children is the sunny *Bright Side*, which is every month carrying its brimming pages of good things to a rapidly extending circle of boys and girls. In its March issue we were pleased to notice that Mrs. E. A. Lonergan has accepted the position of assistant editor. She is a writer of extended experience and pleasing versatility, and will prove an invaluable acquisition. The *Bright Side* deserves its success.

AMONG other articles crowded out of the present issue, at the very last moment, is an editorial on "Art in the Schools,"—a subject that will receive especial attention in future; an article on the union of the art schools of the National Academy and Cooper Union; a poem entitled "From Shore to Shore;" and notices of Reed's Drawing Book, Beard's "Red Riding Hood," the Chicago Historical Society, *Work and Play*, Cobb's Library, etc., etc.

"THE HEAVENLY CHERUBS," from Raphael's Sistine Madonna, has been given to the world in numberless forms, but never better than in the pure line steel plate engraving, by our friend Walter Shirlaw, formerly of the Chicago Engraving Company, and now Instructor in the Academy of Design. It was made as a premium plate for Mr. Sewell of the *Little Corporal*, and is a beautiful work. It can be obtained either from Sewell & Miller, or of the publisher of THE ART REVIEW.

THE latest addition to the better class of current literature is *Old and New*, the advent of which we hail with pleasure, especially on account of the vigorous and eminently practical manner with which it discusses live art topics, urging the nation on to attainments in this regard in some good degree commensurate with its growth in other departments of civilization. Its papers upon "Free Industrial Schools of Art in Massachusetts," and "The Boston Art Museum," are interesting and valuable.

MR. H. C. LEWIS, of Coldwater, Mich., an art connoisseur, who is the fortunate possessor of means amply sufficient to allow a generous gratification of his fine taste, has recently added to his previously large collection about three hundred works from the sale of the Thompson pictures. His private gallery is admirably arranged, and offers varied attractions. Some future number of THE ART REVIEW will contain an article descriptive of the more noteworthy works in the possession of this liberal patron of art.

WISCONSIN ACADEMY OF SCIENCE, ARTS AND LETTERS.—We are pleased to chronicle the establishment by Wisconsin of a comprehensive institution under the above title. The purpose is to bring into association and actively engage the leading men of the state devoted to the various sciences, the practical arts, the fine arts and letters; to undertake, in addition to general scientific research and investigation, the work of a thorough scientific survey of the state, the advancement of the practical arts, the encouragement of the fine arts, and the foundation of a great general library.

"MORNING IN THE VALLEY" is a beautiful steel plate engraving, just finished by Mr. G. J. Verbeck, from the original painting by Arthur Elkins, who is well-known to the Western art-loving public. The original is in the private collection of Vice-President Colfax, and is one of his most esteemed works. It is certainly one of the most natural views of Colorado mountain scenery that has yet been given us by the brush of any artist, and we are pleased to notice that the engraver has done justice both to himself and to the subject. Mr. Verbeck has had it in hand for a year, and it plainly shows careful study in all its parts. It will be a favorite among those who appreciate that which is really excellent and desirable.

THROUGH the kindness of the National Academicians, we have been furnished with the "Report of Special School Committee, ordered to be made at the adjourned stated meeting of the Academicians of the National Academy of Design," held March 9th, 1870; but its length precludes the possibility of its insertion entire. This report contains several resolutions, among them this: "That the proposition of the Trustees of the Cooper Union be, and is hereby accepted in general terms, and that the Council be authorized to arrange the details for final adjustment, and that on the completion of the formal contract, the Council be authorized to take the necessary measures for the reception and instruction of the pupils transferred by the Cooper Union, and that the Elementary and Antique Classes be opened on the first day of October next." The conditions of union, if faithfully carried out, will subserve alike the interests of both bodies, and promote the general advancement of Art.

#### AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE.

There can be no doubt that, with the proper development and cultivation of our nation in matters æsthetic, there will come to be a distinctive style of architecture, which, if not wholly original, will yet be eminently so in its adaptation and harmonious combination of those portions of the older styles that possess most of the beautiful and useful. The material will then, as now, be an important consideration in both these regards. The only question, save in extraordinary cases, will be, What combines more nearly the requisites of durability, beauty and cheapness, with facility for obtaining and working? We believe that, to a degree not heretofore found in any other material, all these essentials are combined in the Frear Artificial Stone, a substance simple in its components, yet superior to many varieties of stone much used for architectural and building purposes which Nature herself affords. It has borne the severest possible tests, and has, in the hundreds of buildings where used, proved satisfactory in the highest degree.

#### OUR LIBRARY.

REED'S DRAWING BOOK, is the best in the language. Notice crowded out, but will appear next time.

"FOR the smallest children" there is no art-educator that is worthy of comparison with the beautiful *Nursery*. Indeed, its pages are filled full of the very choicest things by both American and foreign artists of the highest reputation. When the glad time shall come that it will be no more than the "nursery" of American pictorial art as compared with "grown-up" works, then shall we take rank among the nations of the old world in this regard. Till then, we shall say, as we think, that the *Nursery* is unsurpassed by any other periodical in the land.

"THE LITTLE CORPORAL."—"Fighting against Wrong, and for the Good, the True and the Beautiful,"—has won a victory that but few, very few, magazines can boast. Each month it finds its way regularly to a hundred thousand houses, and has not less than half a million readers among the most intelligent American children—and parents. It is a valuable addition to any family, and soon becomes indispensable. Our good friend, Alfred L. Sewell, knows just what will please the children and do them good at the same time, and his great heart is satisfied with nothing less than dealing out to them with lavish hand the very best that money can buy from brains.

"THE ROYAL ROAD TO FORTUNE," is a right royal book for boys. It originally appeared as a serial in the *Little Corporal*, but so great was its popularity that our young American reading public demanded its republication, and it now appears as the first volume of what will constitute "the *Little Corporal's* library." Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, its authoress, is one of our most delightful writers, and whatever comes from her pen is invariably good. In the present instance she has given us a work pure and healthful in tone, and eminently helpful for all boys who would rise in the world. We cannot too heartily recommend it. Published by Sewell & Miller, Chicago.

THE INTERIOR comes to us with its cheery, attractive face, generous pages, and warm words of earnest purpose, that bespeak for it a hearty welcome. The true Christian spirit that finds varied and pleasing expression in every department of the paper is well epitomized in a single sentence of Dr. Swazey's able "Salutatory": "Our relations to our non-Presbyterian brethren of all names will be not only those of good-will, but (if God shall give us grace to keep our purpose,) relations of fellow-help." Typographically, the initial number is certainly beautiful, and indeed, it could hardly be other than in the best of taste, coming as it does from the hands of R. R. Donnelley, printer of THE ART REVIEW, who is never at fault in these matters, and who justly ranks as the most artistic printer in "the interior." The excellent arrangement of the matter that fills the overflowing columns to repletion, is due to the careful supervision of our friend, George B. Carpenter, than whom no more faithful, and every way efficient Managing Editor could have been selected. May this youngest, as it promises to be one of the strongest, of representative religious journals, find a permanent home in thousands of Christian households throughout the land.

"PEREGRINE PICKLE," is a *nom de plumme* that ranks the crowd of western newspaper writers, and finds its peers among the leading journalists of the older cities. George P. Upton, literary editor of the Chicago *Tribune*, in his letters which constitute a feature in this, the leading daily of the West, and which have run through a series of years, has afforded a varied fund of information and amusement, suited to a large range of tastes. These "Pickle" letters have been a compendium of Western news in the world of amusement; they have ever been ready to say a kind word for otherwise unrecognized merit, in artists, actors and musicians; they have been strong in defense of the weak, and bitterly in earnest when dealing with Shams. Mr. Upton has also, in no small degree, displayed an appreciation for the better sentiments in heart and life, that so beauty and ennobles, and his attention to these has formed no inconsiderable feature of his writings. That he has put the more valuable of his letters in book form, is a gratification to his friends, a real favor to the reading public at large, and cannot fail to add largely to his reputation. "Letters of Peregrine Pickle," I. vol., 8vo., 300 pp., beveled boards, published by the Western News Company, Chicago.

"THE ART JOURNAL" for March,—Volume III, No. 1,—is received. Its table of contents shows a pleasing variety, and gives unmistakable evidence that our friend Mr. Wright is determined to furnish a readable magazine. "Fine Arts in America," tenth paper, is eminently practical, and well written, and is the most valuable article in the number. "The Autobiography of an American Artist" is continued, and reaches its twenty-fifth chapter. The writer is well versed in heart-mysteries, thoroughly acquainted with life in many phases, and has unusually pleasing facility of expression, and nicety in description. When completed, we hope to see the whole in book form. It alone would give rank and do credit to any writer. Short sketches of "Our Home Artists," include H. C. Ford and F. A. Verner, representative specimens of the work of each being given in the form of small wood cuts. Three other cuts are interspersed among the text—"Near Bethel, Maine," by W. H. Hilliard; "Mallet's Bay," by D. F. Bigelow; and "Bachelor Comforts," by Walter Shirlaw. Mr. Verner's "Indian Encampment" is the best of the five. Letters from London, Boston and St. Louis, and a letter from Mrs. Dozgett—quoted from the *Woman's Journal*—with Chicago art notes, and a rambling article on art, completes the contents for March.